

AGAIN
DEEDS, NOT
WORDS.

The excuses given by the Brooklyn Aldermen for their attempt to forestall the new charter by giving away in perpetuity franchises which the law reserves as a heritage of the people are beautifully illuminating. "The reason the committee reported in favor of the franchise at this time," explains John Guilfoyle, of the Railroad Committee, "was to clean up all matters at present in the hands of the committee."

"Clean up"—the phrase is luminous. In cities remote from Brooklyn, in which dishonest public servants are not unknown, the "biennial clean-up" has become a recognized addition to the political vocabulary. It means the final realization on all the assets of a retiring municipal legislature whose members know that their public careers are ended, and are solicitous only to leave nothing of a portable nature behind them.

We are far from suggesting that the Brooklyn Aldermen are a body of this sort, but nevertheless it is evident that until they go out of office the streets within their reach will need to be fastened down. The Journal has undertaken to do the fastening. It has applied the well-tested and trusty clamp of an injunction, and with the usual happy results. For the present, at least, the streets of Brooklyn, unlike spoons and purses, have ceased to be portable property, and the police can safely look the other way when an Alderman goes by.

There have been many extraordinary exhibitions of reckless disregard of propriety and morality on the part of municipal councils just parting with power, but we can recall none more brazenly cynical than the proceedings of the franchise hucksters in the component parts of Greater New York. Not a single party, not a faction, not an individual, ventured to say during the late campaign that franchises should be granted in perpetuity. The Democrats and the followers of Henry George, comprising between them a clear majority of the voters, favored municipal ownership. The Citizens' Union and the Republicans favored grants for short terms with provisions for ample compensation to the city. In attempting to give away these privileges forever, therefore, the unfaithful representatives of Brooklyn, Manhattan, the Bronx and Queens have defied the unanimous vote of their constituents.

They might defy the people, but they forgot the courts and the Journal. "The Brooklyn people," remarks the Springfield Republican, "seem to regard the operation as nothing short of a steal, and much talk of injunctions is heard." There is something more than talk of injunctions now. While others talked, the Journal acted.

A STEP
IN
ADVANCE.

The provision for the treatment of consumption on a system of isolation in hospitals at the beginning of next year marks a step in advance in public hygiene.

There is no longer any doubt of the infectious character of consumption, and it is a prolific cause of mortality among the poor when they are crowded together in tenements. The best authorities say that it can be cured when isolated in its early stages, and it is made harmless as a source of infection by the isolation. Nothing the Board of Health has done is more commendable than its action in securing provision for the free treatment of poor victims of consumption in well-equipped hospitals. It is sure to diminish one of the saddest causes of human misery and materially reduce the death rate in thickly populated sections of the city.

THE
BUNGO MAN'S
PARADISE.

The immovable conservatism of the criminal classes finds signal illustration in the fact that bunco men continue to take the trouble to sell gold bricks to farmers when they could find a market so much more inviting in the Treasury of the United States. The Treasury Department never learns anything, and the same man could work off the same design of brick on it every day for a year. This is demonstrated by its guileless eagerness to be swindled by the importers of Chinese coolies for "exhibition" purposes. Whenever two or more States get together to have a fair the "Chinese village" makes its appearance in the midst of them, and the Treasury Department promptly suspends the exclusion laws to allow the village to stock up with inhabitants fresh from China. When the show is over these immigrants melt into the population of the United States; but notwithstanding its lamented over its inability to round them up and send them home as per agreement, the Treasury is as ready as ever to grant the next application that comes along. It never occurs to it to suggest that some of the Chinese already in the United States might be utilized for exhibition purposes. There has to be a fresh lot every time. The latest Chinese gold brick purchased by Secretary Gage is in connection with the Trans-Mississippi Exposition at Omaha. Permission has been granted to import 250 Mongolians for that occasion. It is said that those who cannot show conclusively that they are connected with the Exposition will be sent back to China on the return trip of the steamer. That is the gilding on the brick.

POETRY,
PROPHECY AND
POLITICS.

Nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue is not yet quite fulfilled, nor, for that matter, are the prophecies which Mrs. Meyer has discovered in a little-read poem of Browning's, entitled "Waring." But there is a man recently elected Mayor of Greater New York who has power to prove Browning a prophet as well as a poet.

"What's become of Waring?" asks Browning in the opening line of his poem, as dolorously as though he were an upper West Side householder whose ashes had not been removed. And, answering himself, he goes on:

Ichabod, Ichabod,
The glory is departed!
Travels Waring East away.
..... happy Waring,
Having first within his ken
What a man might do with men.
The poet even had foresight of Colonel Waring's

possession of a Newport residence, and dispatches him thither, happy in release from official cares. But to the folk left behind the prophetic Browning ascribes no happiness.

O could I have him back once more,
This Waring but one half day more.

he makes the dejected citizen cry, presumably in the presence of unwept streets and fluid crossings. Clearly among the many unique opportunities which will present themselves to Mayor Van Wyck will be that of proving Browning as untrustworthy a seer as he was incomprehensible a poet. This end may be attained either by restraining the gallant Colonel of Street Sweepers from travelling eastward, or else by so effectively filling his place that no New Yorker will sigh with Browning.

Meantime how much I loved him
I find out now I've lost him.

A DUTY
FOR
TAMMANY.

It is proper and necessary for the regular Democratic organization to take cognizance of the scandalous betrayal of formal party pledges by three Tammany Aldermen in particular and by every Tammany Alderman in general who voted for the grant of streets in perpetuity to the Pelham Park Railroad Company.

The platform adopted by the recent Greater New York Democratic convention, in which Tammany was the controlling factor, had this to say about the management of municipal franchises:

All proper municipal functions should be exercised by the municipality itself and not delegated to others. We favor municipal ownership and municipal control of all municipal franchises. We oppose the granting of any public franchise in perpetuity. We oppose the granting or extending of any franchise or the bestowal of any new privilege upon a corporation holding such franchise without adequate compensation. We therefore approve as a step in the right direction the provisions of the new charter which require adequate compensation to the city for all franchises hereafter to be granted, and which limit the terms of all such franchises, with reversion to the city on their expiration.

We recognize that the future development and prosperity of Greater New York largely depend upon the establishment of quick, safe, comfortable and cheap transportation between the different parts of our city.

This was well said, and of it the Journal said next day: "The Journal congratulates the half million voters of Greater New York upon a municipal programme which establishes the high water mark of endeavor for the public good."

Tuesday last the Democratic members of the New York Board of Aldermen—many of whom sat in the convention which adopted the foregoing resolution—"Jammed through" an ordinance giving to the Pelham Park Railway Company a franchise for a surface railway on six miles of streets extending from the city line to the village of West Chester. Though the ordinance prescribed a sale of the franchise at public auction as a matter of form, there will be no competitive bidding, since the Pelham Park Company is the only one that can use it.

Alderman Parker, a Tammany man, moved the adoption of the resolution, one section of which contrasts curiously with the platform declaration for cheap fares. It reads:

That the corporation operating said road shall not charge any passenger more than five cents for any continuous ride from any point on its road, or on any road, line or branch operated by it.

A more glaring violation of both the spirit and the letter of the Democratic platform than this, however, was the successful effort of the Tammany Aldermen, O'Brien and Oakley, to grant the franchise in perpetuity.

This is the amendment with which Alderman Oakley, a man high in favor in the organization and a successful candidate for the Assembly, gave the lie to the platform upon which he stood for office:

Resolved, That should said courts decide that the power of the Board has not been limited by the provisions of the charter, then the said consent shall be in perpetuity.

And in this wise Alderman O'Brien, likewise a Tammany beneficiary, sought to save for the corporation what might be left should the courts defeat the kindly purpose of granting these franchises in perpetuity:

Resolved, That in the event of the courts decreeing that under the provisions of the charter of Greater New York this Board has not the power to grant the said railroad company the consent in perpetuity, then that the consent so given by the Common Council shall exist, obtain and be vested in said company for the period of twenty-five years.

Notwithstanding the fact these men were not elected to the positions they now hold upon the platform which put Democracy in Greater New York on impregnable ground, it is the duty of the organization promptly to discipline them for their betrayal of Democratic principles. Tammany has ways of impressing its displeasure upon recalcitrant members. If it hopes to retain the popular confidence shown in the magnificent vote for Van Wyck it must not sit supinely by and let its members give the lie to the principles it declared, and betray the public that gave it support.

THE DOOM
OF THE
OLD RESERVOIR.

The old reservoir that has stood for nearly sixty years on the top of Murray Hill has been disconnected from the Croton water system, and the Board of Estimate and Apportionment has just authorized its removal.

The late Mr. Renwick, so well known for his architectural achievements, designed the reservoir and gave it the Egyptian cornice which lent a touch of the picturesque and the impressive to the structure even before it acquired the ornamentation of the familiar ivies upon its front wall. When the introduction of Croton water was celebrated with such a grand civic display, in 1842, the reservoir stood far out from the thickly peopled section of the city. The adjoining park became the site of the Crystal Palace and the scene of the exhibition of 1851, and the grim old reservoir has seen all the civic and military pageants since that day, and watched the growing city pass far beyond its stolid feet. The Cathedral has sprung up and put forth its spires, the Park has spread out its beauties, the lines of surface and elevated roads have been spun through the long avenues, and New York has not only expanded beyond the Harlem, but before the gray old walls come down its limits will pass beyond the East River and the upper bay.

Many citizens have an attachment for this old landmark and will regret to see it go, though it has long been out of place on the finest thoroughfare of the city, but the rising generation will rejoice to see it replaced by a public library, which will enhance the attractions of Bryant Park and be

a crowning ornament to the city as well as a centre of enlightenment for its people.

EXHIBITING
THE
WATER FRONT.

The Merchants' Association of this city is preparing for the public in the form of a free exhibition at Carnegie Hall next month of the wharf and dock facilities of our water front. There will be stereopticon views and an explanatory address.

"This is calculated to awaken an intelligent interest in one of the most important phases of public improvement. New York has been and still is backward in developing the natural advantages of her unsurpassed position as a seaport.

A system of water front improvements was planned some fifteen years ago, and after surmounting many physical and legal obstacles the Dock Department has entered upon a vigorous execution of the plans. Much progress has been made, but much remains to be done. The proposed exhibition will enable the people to see just what has been done, what is laid out to be done, and what the possibilities of future achievement are.

Soon the dock facilities of New York will equal those of Liverpool, now the best in the world, and by a continuance of the progress which has at last begun they will surpass those of any port in the world, for none has an access from the sea that is comparable with that of our double bay and the two great rivers. Water front improvements are costly, but in the long run they pay for themselves.

A careful examination of General Weyler's reception fails to disclose the presence of jollification marks.

There is some danger that the introduction of hypnotism in divorce cases may ruin South Dakota's leading industry.

It is rather early for setting out 1900 Presidential booms. The Congressional elections of next year may carry considerable frost.

A Pullman car porter has been arrested at St. Louis for robbery while off duty. Such unprofessional conduct cannot be too severely punished.

The Sultan is not a bit backward about announcing his policies, but, owing to the activity of other nations, he is kept rather busy operating the reverse lever.

By sending missionaries to Armenia and other distant lands we may be able to deflect attention from the cases of those Ohio women who are being flogged by white caps.

Although there is not a penny in their treasury the council of the Choctaw Indians voted appropriations aggregating \$700,000. Yet we are continually called upon to subscribe to funds to be utilized in the civilization of the red man.

The activity of the Anarchists in the Eternal City ought to give Senator Thurston an opportunity to go over there and give the Romans a sample of his burning eloquence.

THE VOICE OF THE COUNTRY.

Our American Tories.

The New York Journal, in an article scaling the magnates of Wall Street for their timidity and unpatriotic conduct toward the Government and its relations toward foreign countries, takes the opportunity of paying its respects to the other anti-patriotic classes of the country as represented by Bishop Doane and those of his ilk—Lockport Union-Sun.

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The Swarming of Cities.

Sociology seems to be all drift, as we compare the modern tendency to municipal aggregation with the old ideas of town, city and rural development. Will the next century witness leagues of cities, each under one general political direction, while at the same time each maintains its own administration of courts and other local functions?

If so, what will become of the country? But then, perhaps with the advance of rapid transit the old lines of demarcation which once distinguished city from country will yet disappear.—Boston Globe.

An Embarrassment of Riches.

The wealth of John D. Rockefeller has now reached the sum of \$244,000,000, and furthermore is increasing at the rate of \$1,000,000 a month, or \$50,000 a day, or \$2,083 an hour, or \$34.50 a minute, or 57 cents every second of time, day and night, Sundays and holidays. No wonder the man calls on the churches and colleges to relieve him of some of his riches.—Tribune Press.

WHAT IS A MUGWUMP?

One That Doesn't Agree with Merrill.

I am a thorough Democrat. My ideal of a mugwump is this: When one of my political associates begins to wear his party robes loosely and lean toward the Republican party on any line of policy or expediency—or begins to scratch the ticket over so gingerly, he is a cussed mugwump and ought to be booted out of the party. On the other hand, the Republican who begins to lean in my direction is a gentleman, a statesman and a patriot who has a mind of his own. The mugwump, in short, is a fellow who doesn't think exactly as I do on lines political—one who is too silly or too stubborn to admit that my dog is orthodox while his damned old dog is heterodox. C. E. MERRILL.

A Political Pharisee.

A mugwump is a political Pharisee, who congratulates himself and thanks God he is not like other men, and who, especially, congratulates his country that it has such patriotic political safety-valves as his kind. He is too wrapt in his own egotism even to see that he is exciting to the awe and laughter and the contempt of his fellow-men. Fort Smith, Ark., Nov. 25, 1897. W. M. FISHBACK.

Clear, but Too Emphatic.

To be concise, as the subject deserves, I would say, after carefully digesting Mr. Croker's remarks, and consulting Webster's unabridged dictionary, that a mugwump is a dam-fool. A. W. G. Brooklyn, Nov. 29.

One Faithful to the Constitution.

I know not how it is in other States, but in Connecticut each elector has to take the following oath: To be true and faithful to the State of Connecticut and the Constitution and government thereof as a free and independent State, and to the Constitution of the United States; and whenever he is called upon to give his vote or suffrage touching any matter that concerns this State or the United States he will give it as he shall judge will conduce to the best good of the same without respect of persons or favor of any man. A mugwump is a man who votes according to his oath as an elector. A politician is a man who votes with his party, right or wrong. Bristol, Conn., Nov. 29, 1897. S. H. MASON.

A Brooklynite's Definition.

My idea of a mugwump is a self-conceited, irreconcilable political contradiction. JAMES S. MCCOY. 10 South Fifth street, Brooklyn.

A Descendant of Judas.

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Christmas Gifts
from Women.

"O H, girls, do give me a bit of advice!" cried the little blonde, "—"

"If it is as to the best method of making your complexion perfect, I can't do it," said the tall brunette.

"If I happened to know of such a recipe, I'd use it myself and tell the rest of you that fresh air and exercise did it."

"Of course you would," said the red-haired girl; "so would anybody. And if it is in regard to the best means of taking coffee stains out of your dress gown I can only say, Don't ask. Cora for her."

method. She gave it to me, and for once I believed her, and used it on my turquoise blue."

"With the result?" asked the tall brunette, anxiously.

"That I felt it my privilege to tell her what I really thought of her, and she has died every time she has seen me approaching since."

"How like Cora!" said the little blonde.

"Well, a girl with hair like hers is always too busy taking care of it to have time for anything else—even the cultivation of virtues."

"I know it," said the red-haired girl. "Well, so long as your advice has nothing to do with either clothes or complexions, it must be something about a man."

"It is," admitted the little blonde. "What, in your opinion, is the best birthday present to give a man?"

"Humph," said the red-haired girl, "it you really want my honest opinion, I think it better to let a man do all the present giving himself. It makes him feel generous, and—"

"Saves you a lot of money, besides," interrupted the tall brunette. Oh, girls, have you heard of the latest tragedy which has befallen poor Ermengarde?"

"No," said the little blonde, "I'd like to, though."

"Well, you know she was engaged to Mr. Sweetie for two years and she used to make him presents—lovely embroidered things, you know, which were sure to be useful after they were married."

"How clever!" cried the red-haired girl. I must make a note of that."

"Don't. The idea was clever enough, but somehow it failed to work. He told her that he thought too much of her handiwork to make use of it, and his mother had taken it to keep for him."

"Well, I don't see anything at all tragic in that."

"No, dear; but when the engagement was broken and he came to send back her presents, he found that his mother, knowing he would never recognize the things, had used them all and not one of them was fit even to be sent back!"

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Cold Bottles
and Hot Birds.

EVER since champagne was first frapped, nothing has ever appealed to the palate of the chappies with so much force as a cold bottle and a hot bird.

Here is the no plus ultra of gastronomy, something that is neither too much nor too little, and that always suggests the choicest possible company.

The very contrast between the temperature of the bottle and that of the bottle is in itself fascinating, for the fizz should be served so cold that it is on the very edge of freezing, while the bird should be so hot that another degree higher would make it burn.

Between these ther-mometrical extremes the taste of the chappie gambols, as it were, in joyous ecstasy, like a lumbkin on the green.

Add to this gustatorial delight a company that in effervescence suggests the bottle, but in temperament recalls the bird, and you have a combination that will fetch the jeunesses doree every time.

It is not astonishing, therefore, when many of our young blades wandered home Tuesday night and found hurry calls awaiting them to attend a combination of cold bottles, hot birds and Gaiety girls at a well-known restaurant uptown, that they made all possible haste to respond.

The fact that the time of meeting was fixed at the very unconventional hour of 1 o'clock a. m. only piqued curiosity and enhanced anticipation.

So they came on the jump to the appointed place, and if any one was late it was simply because he did not get home early enough to receive his invitation.

It was 1:30 o'clock before supper was served, for the ladies of the Gaiety Company, in whose honor the cold bottles and hot birds were gathered, are playing in Harlem this week, and even a Gaiety girl needs a little time to take off her stage make-up and put on her society face.

Once, however, they were there, each with a well known chappie at her side, the bottles popped and the birds flew, and finally souls burst forth in song and all went merry as a grand ballet.

"Talk about your talk-about," said one who was there and whose red eyes shone through black rings in the pain of the aftermath, "but it was a hot time in the old town for keeps. I don't know who is responsible for it, but it was a grand idea. I never had such a good time in all my life. And what charming young ladies those Gaiety girls are! I almost forgot the head I have in recalling how I got it."

I am not at liberty to give the names of the chappies who were present at this delightful entertainment, but the list would be read with absorbing interest by the fine world at large, and especially by that part of it that turns its face Hemstead way when it goes into the country.

The penalty of popularity is often embarrassment through greetings from persons you may have met but can't recall. Mr. James De Wolf Cutting, the handsomer and younger brother of that "Bob" Cutting whose impediment of speech alone

prevented him from becoming a star actor, was about to enter the Waldorf Hotel Tuesday night when countless of his fashionable friends, both men and women, were coming from or going into Mein Lieber Herr Boldt's hostelry.

Mr. Cutting was having right and left in response to greetings. Suddenly there was a great commotion within the doors and all at once a badly rumpled young man, very much the worse for liquor, was ejected as though he had been shot from a catapult.

As he struck the sidewalk, he looked up and caught sight of Mr. Cutting. "Hello, Jimmy!" he exclaimed. "Can't you give a fellow a hand?"

But Mr. Cutting had other business. He rushed into the hotel and got away from the man on the sidewalk as quickly and as far as possible.

"I never saw the man before," he said in explanation afterward. "And to think that he should call me by my first name and ask me to help him up! Why, some of those people there must have thought that he was a friend of mine!"

By the way, the Waldorf-Astoria set seems to be going in for scrapping nowadays.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

Mr. Chontie's Friends.

[Washington Post.]

There is a Joe Chontie Cabinet rumor at large. As there is no Cabinet cabinet will be seen that Joe's friends are as judicious as usual.

Professor Peck
on Journalism.

IN the December number of the Cosmopolitan Magazine Mr. Harry Thurston Peck discusses the subject of "A Great National Newspaper" with a degree of common sense and veracity that is all the more surprising when we take into consideration the fact that Mr. Peck, in his dual capacity of college professor and magazine editor, might reasonably be expected to view modern journalism from the standpoint of common ignorance and superstition.

I don't know what Professor Peck's associates will think of him for pricking so many of the soap bubbles blown by prejudice through the distorted glass of misrepresentation, but I am sure that the shock to their sensibilities will be tempered by the remembrance of what he said about their idol Mr. E. L. Godkin, in the Bookman some time ago. I do know, however, that he has, in the Cosmopolitan, answered with a great deal of truth and fairness many of the charges of sensationalism, dishonesty and perversion of facts that are constantly made against American journalism, particularly by foreigners.

Concerning the alleged sensationalism and indecency of the daily press Professor Peck says:

It is safe to say that no American newspaper, no matter what its standing, would be ventured to print in full the reciting details of such cases as the Colby Campbell case, the Dilke scandal and the Russell suit, all of which were minutely reported in the London journals, including, even (and especially) the Times. When Mr. Stead, that apostle of British middle class respectability and morality, printed in the Pall Mall Gazette his "Modern Babylon" exposure, only one American newspaper gave anything like an exhaustive summary of these articles; and even by this one a great deal of the loathsomeness of the original publication was suppressed as being quite impossible. Last Winter there took place in New York a private dinner party, some of whose features brought about the intervention of the police. The headlines with which the newspapers spoke of the occurrence seemed to promise revelations as startling as those of the Pompeian frescoes and the pages of Prometheus; yet the actual reports were so reticent and so guarded, so much that unless one supplemented his reading with the private gossip of the club he really could not get an intelligent understanding of what had actually taken place.

And he has this to say about the venality that has always characterized European journalism from one end of the Continent to the other:

The traditions of Bismarck's "reptile press" survive, and the great Chancellor's contempt for the German journalist is a matter of history. In France the degradation of the press is, if anything, still more appalling. The Panama investigation and the revelations that attended the settlement of poor little Max Lelievre's estate showed beyond question what every experienced person must know—namely, that the press in France is almost all great engines of blackmail, and that their parasites suck the blood of every one, from the Minister of State and the receptive Deputy down to the ambitious actress and the frowsy cocotte. But the American newspaper nothing of the sort can truthfully be said. It is a model of candor and rectitude or biased by its personal likes or dislikes, but no sane man would ever dream of buying or bribing either his silence or his advocacy. The thing is simply not conceivable, and this fact is an honor to the whole profession.

As to the popular theories that all newspapers are absolutely regardless of truth in their presentation of the news of the day, Professor Peck speaks rationally as follows:

A reporter hastens to the scene of some remarkable occurrence. He examines the ground, he questions the witnesses, he sees the documents if there are any; he finds out what he can in the hurry and confusion of the hour; he then perhaps in another hour he is telegraphically connected and intelligible account of the whole affair, or is hurrying back to the office, very likely noting down his story on a scrap of paper by the light of a flickering oil lamp in a jolting train, himself worn out with excitement. He is a model of candor and rectitude or biased by its personal likes or dislikes, but no sane man would ever dream of buying or bribing either his silence or his advocacy. The thing is simply not conceivable, and this fact is an honor to the whole profession.

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